

# Iron County Register

BY ELLI D. AKE

IRONTON, MISSOURI

BEAU.

(Dedicated to the Mothers "Heroic" School of Writers.)

HON. POWDEROUS POLYQUENT, LOQUUTUR.

THAT reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened to me.

When I was a child, I was very vain.

Ab, let me replenish your glass, sir. And if you'll permit me,

I shall be very glad to account it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that I am not a flatterer.

It is the year twenty-to.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old dog, Beau.

Well, that, sir, is Beau.

The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion.

A long time ago.

"Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me."

In the year twenty-to.

"Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided."

Till the day that he died.

Well, of in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres.

And family pride.

Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian.

Was he known, far and wide.

This digression pray pardon.

"Twas there that he raised me together."

Old Beau there and me.

Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner.

Not a little eared we;

We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions.

In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottet, from Washington City.

Came over one year.

To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and enurlish.

With arrogant sneer.

For our "prim" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements.

In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James.

The "town-tacky."

Which he made with his knife.

And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from England.

A marvelous life.

To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation.

Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his life, from his pocket projecting.

In view of us all.

Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched.

In the tussel ensuing.

Beau was rather too small.

James gave him a drubbing, and then put the life in his pocket.

Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river.

Our prime destination.

Our aboriginals performed, our habiliments donned, 'twas suggested.

That, for more recreation.

We proceeded up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion.

Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature.

In the river hard by.

Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated.

With a sough and a sigh.

And never again had caught swallowed down by its current.

Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white water.

And with some superstition.

When, attempting to cast an unwieldy projectile into them.

James lost his position.

Falling in—a tuck trucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues.

In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried.

In response to which call.

Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father.

Beau after the brawl.

Having sunk in the rear—and despair and a sickening.

Filled the faces of all.

No hope, for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims.

And none is so rash.

As to forget his life in a futile endeavor to rescue.

Not—Hold!—like a flash.

A figure dashed through us—leaving over the bank—in an instant.

Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur, and then a dead silence.

He can't re-appear.

This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers.

To be found far or near.

Thus we wait a minute—another—two, heads above water!

And from us a hoarse cheer.

next student "who supplied" at Glover's Corner. And he displayed the same susceptibility to slippers and mufflers, and also to custards and cream pies, made by Miss Keziah's own fair hands, that the other had evinced; and also, alas! the same faithlessness! He married Deacon Simpson's daughter Susan, and took her off to the South Seas islands as a missionary, where—it was a slight balm to Miss Keziah's wounded feelings to know—they were both eaten up by cannibals.

The next minister, after accepting her attentions with even more avidity than the others, proved to be already engaged. And so it went on, through a long and melancholy list; and yet, at more than fifty, looking back on an array of book-marks, slippers and custards sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart, Miss Keziah was not discouraged.

Of late years she had been known to look with favor on some outside of her favorite profession. Matrimony, even if she could not share the holy estate with a minister, was not undesirable in her eyes.

But, alas! she found the laity as fickle and faithless as the clergy. Saints and sinners were alike insensible to her mature charms. Still, with a zeal and patience worthy of a better cause, did Miss Keziah persevere.

And now, since the Rev. Absalom Leach had been installed as shepherd over the flock at Glover's Corner, she felt as if the reward of her long waiting had come.

The Rev. Absalom was a widower of forty, or thereabouts, very well preserved and good-looking, though of a somewhat doleful aspect, which latter was no drawback in Miss Keziah's estimation, as she thought it made him look more ministerial. He had been settled there but a few weeks, but already Miss Keziah had found in his manner toward her more reason to hope than she had found before for years.

Already he had made and sent him a vanilla custard, rich and sweet beyond all parallel. That housekeeper of his was evidently an ignorant, incapable woman, and probably knew nothing at all about cooking, and everybody knew that intellectual and saintly men like him, who had so much more soul than body, needed to be delicately nurtured. Already she had knit for each of the "three sweet, motherless children" a pair of "beautiful warm mittens."

Already had the minister taken tea twice at Deacon Knowlton's, and on each occasion a feast fit for the gods had been set before him, all prepared by Miss Keziah's devoted hands. Twice had he walked home from evening meeting with her, absolutely breaking away from Deacon Scudder and old Mr. Larkin, who wanted to talk with him. To be sure, her niece Kizzy (her namesake) was with her, but Kizzy was a giddy creature of nineteen, who did not count, though of course Miss Keziah would have a little preferred to be alone with the minister; for one reason, because Kizzy was such a wild creature, for a deacon's daughter, and thought and talked so much of dancing, and flirting, and such things, that Miss Keziah was dreadfully afraid she would shock the minister. She was so full of mischief that she would enjoy doing it, Miss Keziah knew. But the minister was very indulgent, and smiled blandly at all the frivolous things she said. He could bear anything from her niece, thought Miss Keziah.

Kizzy wished, with all her heart, that her Aunt Keziah would not be such "an old goose," for the whole of Glover's Corner were laughing about her. But what was the good of wishing? Perhaps the Rev. Absalom might be induced to take pity on her, and take her to himself, and that would be "a comfort to the survivors!" indeed. For she ruled the house, interfered with all Kizzy's love-affairs—and they were not few—and made herself disagreeable generally. Kizzy stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, as if said, to keep from laughing outright, while her aunt was telling how her heart bled for the minister, and Mrs. Deacon Scudder tried to hide the twinkle in her eye; but, if they had both showed ever so plainly that they wanted to laugh, Miss Keziah would probably have thought them both crazy sooner than that she could be the cause of their mirth.

"I suppose he'll be marrying soon," said Mrs. Scudder. "He really needs somebody to look after him. He looks neglected, poor man!"

Kizzy saw that twinkle still in Mrs. Scudder's eye.

"Indeed he does need a wife, said Miss Keziah. "I hope, and I think he'll choose a suitable person."

"Heard a report that he was already engaged," said the deacon's wife.

Gracious heaven! had his attentions to her been construed already to mean so much? thought Miss Keziah.

A blush actually arose to her withered cheek.

"I—I am not at liberty to"—she stammered.

"To a very young lady; quite a school-girl, in fact, in the town that he came from."

"I don't believe a word of it! Who has been spreading such a story as that?" cried Miss Keziah, actually starting out of her chair, while her eyes blazed with anger.

"Oh! I dare say it isn't true. Such reports will get about," said the deacon's wife, soothingly. And then she changed the subject at once by saying to Kizzy:

"I suppose we'll see you at the sociable to-morrow night, my dear?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Kizzy.

She was very thankful when Mrs. Scudder took her leave, and she could run up stairs to her room and sew the pink bows on to her white muslin overslippers, and the dainty little white slippers which Arthur Lawton said made him think of Cinderella's.

For she had not much doubt about going to the dance. The good deacon had very hard work to deny his pretty, motherless daughter anything; and beside he had had good times in his youth, and the sound of a fiddle stirred his blood even now. And he never could believe that it was an invention of the gentleman in black, if Deacon Scudder did.

As for Miss Keziah, she set to work upon a muffler for the Rev. Mr. Leach at once. Of course there wasn't a word of truth in the story of his engagement, but then she couldn't begin too soon to show her devotion to him. And then she had heard him cough last Sunday night. His precious health must be taken care of.

Kizzy wanted to laugh when she saw Miss Keziah's knitting needles flying as they never did fly except under some ministerial inspiration, and muffler of drab and purple (colors suited to ministerial gravity and dignity) growing with wonderful swiftness under her hands.

"How can she want to marry that horrid, owlish old thing, with his dreadful, snub-nosed, red-haired children!" said Kizzy to herself irreverently.

But then Miss Keziah would often say to herself:

"How can Kizzy want to marry that ungodly Arthur Lawton, who goes to dances, and wears a blue necktie, and would study law, when his father and mother wanted him to be a minister?"

or she would have said that to herself if she had cared enough about Kizzy's affairs to say anything.

The truth was that she was so bound up in her own matrimonial plans and prospects, just now, that she had almost entirely forgotten her niece; for which Kizzy was truly thankful.

As for Kizzy and Mr. Arthur Lawton, she was not sure that she did not wish to marry him, but she was quite sure, that if he asked her, she should find it rather hard to say no; and she did rather wish he would ask her, too.

If that is rather an illogical statement, altogether, it is Kizzy's fault, and not mine. That is precisely the way in which she thought of the matter.

She looked forward to the dance with considerable fluttering of the heart. For there was the five-mile drive to Rockville, and back, that she and Arthur were to take along together. A good deal may be said in that time.

The next day was St. Valentine's Day, she remembered. Would Arthur send her anything? Probably he would not think of it, St. Valentine was so out of fashion. Nobody at Glover's Corner thought of doing him any honor.

Of course it did not even occur to Miss Keziah that it was St. Valentine's Day, until, as she was polishing the old-fashioned brass knocker of the door next morning (a duty in which she delighted, as presenting an edifying example of housewifely industry to all passers), a small boy alighted from a horse, at the door, and presented her with a dainty little box.

It was directed to "Miss Keziah Knowlton."

Miss Keziah, not Miss Kizzy. No doubt that it was intended for her crossed Miss Keziah's mind, for everybody called her niece Kizzy.

With a sudden remembrance that this was St. Valentine's Day, and a thought of the new minister, Miss Keziah ran up to her room, with the agility and hopes of sixteen, carefully concealing her treasure in her apron.

Once securely fastened into her room, she opened the box with trembling fingers.

A beautiful bunch of violets lay within it, and a little note. The light of sixteen had come back to Miss Keziah's eyes! It was pitiful to see the eagerness with which she unfolded the note.

"MY DEAREST KIZZY—I send these flowers as a St. Valentine's offering, hoping they will say for me what I dare not say for myself; though I think my manner must have told you, what is the dearest wish of my heart. If you will wear them to-morrow night in your hair—that lovely golden hair, whose every strand seems to glow around my heart—I shall know that I may hope. If you do not, I shall try to be my fate like a man, and trouble you no more. I shall see you, I believe I have been utterly deluded in what I have dared so fancy I could send in your dear eyes. Hope tells me I shall see my violets where I wish to—to-night. Yours ever,

"A. L." Absalom Leach!"

Miss Keziah actually uttered a shriek of joy, and would have fainted, if only "A. L." had been there that she might have sunk into his arms.

Her mind was so full of the minister that it did not occur to her that those were the initials of any other name.

Not a shade of doubt marred her felicity.

Her hopes had reached their full fruition, the dreams of her life-time had come true, at last! She had a lover, a bona fide lover, and he was a minister!

Oh that dear, sweet letter! Miss Keziah read it over and over again. Her "lovely golden hair!" Yes, it was golden, though it was a little scanty, and slightly mingled with silver threads, and the curls that she wore on each side of her face were "lovely," though that envious niece—Kizzy—of whom she had said they looked like corkscrews, and begged her to put them up.

Hope did not deceive him in telling him that she would wear his violets that night! No, indeed! If flowers did look rather dressy for the sociable, and if they did attract a great deal of attention, what did it matter?

Everybody would know soon! How she would enjoy telling Mrs. Deacon Scudder, who had heard that he was engaged to a child of a school-girl! "Hateful, envious woman!" said Miss Keziah to herself.

As soon as the shades of evening drew near, Miss Keziah began to dress for the sociable. Time had never dragged so heavily with her before. She could not wait any longer to try the effect of those violets in her hair.

They were not easy to arrange, she found; she would have liked to have them near her face, but as she wore her front hair hanging in three curls on each side, it was clearly impossible to fasten them in. There was nothing to do but to fasten them at one side of the very small coil—Miss Keziah had a holy horror

of false hair—at the back of her head. The bunch of violets was much larger than the coil, and the effect was more ludicrous than lovely; but poor Miss Keziah thought that nothing could be more beautiful.

In the meantime Kizzy was dressing for the dance, and sighing because she had no flowers to wear, for Glover's Corner did not furnish a large supply of floral treasures in the winter.

Fortunately for her—or at least she thought so—just as she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, "Mandy," the "hired girl," brought her up a cluster of pink rosebuds, freshly plucked and fragrant.

"Young Dr. James's office boy brought 'em," said Mandy. "They're regular beauties! Dr. James must have robbed his man's bushes of every blossom, and Miss James always was a master hand at raisin' roses. I guess maybe he saved the white ones against the wedding day!"

Mandy always gave it as her opinion that Kizzy would marry Reuben James, the village doctor, at last, no matter how many new-comers she flirted with. Poor Reuben would have been very glad to believe that himself, for he had been in love with her ever since he could remember; but he didn't believe it, and Kizzy didn't either, for she didn't care any more about Reuben than she did about Johnny Flannigan, his office boy. But she liked his roses very much just then, and sent him such a message of thanks by Johnny Flannigan as almost made up to him for his disappointment in finding her "already engaged" when he asked her to go to the dance with him.

Kizzy fastened three of the roses in her golden braids, and two more in a coquettish little knot of lace at her throat, and ran down stairs to meet Arthur Lawton, who had come for her.

He looked at the roses in her hair the very first thing.

"Aren't they lovely? Dr. James sent them to me. Just see how fragrant they are!" And she held up her head, with a little coquettish air, for him to smell of the roses.

He turned pale a little, and closed his lips firmly together, with a look of pain.

Was he so jealous as that, of Reuben James? Kizzy wondered. She had seen little traces of the feeling in him before, but not like this.

It delighted Kizzy to see that she had so much power over him, and made her more coquettish and teasing than usual—which was unnecessary.

He could not be made to smell the roses, nor even say that they were pretty; and the grayer Kizzy grew, the colder and more gloomy he became.

Such a wretched drive as they had; after all Kizzy's bright anticipations! For of course she wasn't going to try to coax him up if he wanted to be cross. So she grew very cold and dignified, too, and at the party tried to punish him still more by flirting energetically with the only too-willing Dr. James.

To say that Miss Keziah, with her violets, was "an object of interest" at the sociable, would be "drawing it mildly." For with all her peculiarities Miss Keziah had never been eccentric in her dress before. She simpered and cast down her eyes when she met the minister. He looked at the violets—there was no denying that! It was a meaning look, a delighted look.

Miss Keziah was sure! But still he did not linger by her side as she had expected; he talked entirely too much to that odious little Anns Leighton, who was such a flirt!

Of course he could not be too attentive to her, and cause people to make remarks, before their engagement was publicly announced, still he might have walked home with her; and the spinster went home a little disappointed.

But he would come and make it all right, and everybody could be told, on the morrow, of course. And with this thought Miss Keziah consoled herself.

But poor Kizzy had no consolation for her woes. Arthur had been worse than disagreeable, he had been "perfectly vile," after she flirted so openly with Dr. James, and the homeward drive had been taken in almost utter silence.

Kizzy declared that happiness was over for her in this world, and cried herself to sleep. Arthur was going away to New York, and coming back "perhaps next year, perhaps never," she had heard him tell somebody so, at the party. And she might never see him again! Probably he had never cared for her, after all; she had been a vain little fool to imagine it. And he would go away, and she should never see him again!

The morrow brought no solace to her grief, nor, alas! to Miss Keziah; for the minister did not come!

What if Miss Keziah could not imagine! Had she not smiled sweetly enough upon him? Had he been overcome by a sense of his own unworthiness, in spite of her wearing the violets?

When three days had passed, and still he had not come, Miss Keziah decided that she had not sufficiently encouraged him, and that he must have expected an answer to his note. Accordingly she wrote and dispatched the following note:

"MY DEAREST MR. LEACH (or Abba! I, overlooking maliciously, say Abba!)—I have delayed answering your beautiful letter, thinking you would understand from my giving you the sign you asked, that my heart did throbe responsive to your own. Why have you not sought me ere this? Did you need other assurance that I loved you, and that you needed only to name the happy day which should make me all your own Keziah? If so, you will surely now come at once to her who so pines for you. Yours till death,

KEZIAH KNOWLTON.

On the afternoon of the day on which the letter was sent, the minister might have been seen, with hasty step, and perplexed yet beaming countenance, approaching Deacon Knowlton's house.

Miss Keziah did see him from her window, where she had been on the watch all day.

She tried to calm the flutterings of her heart, while "Mandy" invited the minister in.

"Mandy immediately afterward called Kizzy."

"He didn't come to see Kizzy, he came to see me!" said Miss Keziah, with dignity.

"No, ma'am, I asked him which it was, and he said, particular, it was Miss Kizzy."

Kizzy had already run down stairs, wondering what the minister could possibly want of her.

interview with her, thought Miss Keziah. Still she would like to hear what he had to say to Kizzy; and she went softly down the stairs, and listened at the parlor door.

"Miss Kizzy, there has been some mistake," said the minister. "I never wrote you a note."

"Well, who said you did?" interrupted straight-forward Kizzy.

The minister had evidently prepared a speech, and he meant to give it, in spite of all interruptions.

"But to find that I have won your heart gives me a great, an unexpected happiness! I will add that I had ventured to think of you as a wife, but if it had not been for this blissful revelation of your feeling toward me I should of course, as a man of honor, have addressed myself first to your natural guardians, your father and your aged and respected aunt."

That was too much for Miss Keziah. The door flew open.

"Aged and respected, indeed! Oh, you perfidious monster!" said Miss Keziah, almost beside herself with rage. "Didn't I wear your violets?—didn't you say you should dare to hope I did? Where is the love-letter you sent me on Valentine's Day, with the flowers? Let me get it, and show it to all the world! It shall be read in church-meeting, it shall! Oh, you base deceiver!"

And Miss Keziah rushed upstairs, to return with the letter and the bunch of withered violets, which she brandished over the minister's head as if it were a tomahawk.

Kizzy caught the letter, enlightened by a sudden suspicion.

"O Aunt Keziah, are you crazy? Where did you get my letter, and my violets? Arthur Lawton sent them! Don't you see his initials?"

Miss Keziah saw. So did the minister. He perceived that if he had been made a fool of, he had also assisted in the ceremony.

As for Miss Keziah, she made a tableau vivant over which we will draw the curtain.

The Rev. Absalom Leach took his hat and departed, a wiser and a sadder man.

Kizzy kissed the violets, and then kissed Miss Keziah—who didn't respond.

The story leaked out—by means of "Mandy," it is suspected.

The Rev. Mr. Leach discovered that the air of Glover's Corner did not agree with him.

The story came to Arthur Lawton's ear, and he decided to call on Kizzy before leaving for New York.

And Kizzy wore violets, instead of orange-blossoms, at her wedding.

Another unmarried minister is expected at Glover's Corner, and Miss Keziah is finishing the drab and purple muffler.—*Baldon's Magazine.*

Timely Suggestions as to Diphtheria.

WORD is brought to us from the States to the North that simultaneously with the severe cold came the dreadful scourge of diphtheria. On the high prairie land of Iowa diphtheria has been epidemic. Now, I do not know all that this mysterious disease feeds on; but I wish to suggest an explanation of its late prevalence, and add a word of caution and advice.

When the temperature is below zero everything lying upon the surface of the ground, whether in the swamps or on the upland, is frozen solid, and all dead and decaying vegetable and animal matter is bound fast in fetters of ice. No poisonous germs or noxious gases are then borne on the frigid air. Diphtheria finds its food and nourishment within the house. The severer the cold, the closer the openings are kept shut, and the more rigidly is the pure external air excluded. This is apparently rendered necessary by the small heating apparatus in most country houses. The result of almost no ventilation is excessively foul air. Air which has been breathed once is saturated with moisture and poisoned with carbonic acid. When you add to the air thus vitiated the products of the combustion of lamps and candles (which is steam and more carbonic acid) and the stale, noxious air from unventilated, undrained and often filthy cellars, carefully banked and caulked to keep out the cold, you have a mixture which closely represents the indoor atmosphere of many a house in severely cold weather. Living for days and sometimes for weeks in such an atmosphere, which furnishes scant oxygen to purify the blood and little ability to relieve the lungs of moisture, is not to speak of gases positively harmful, is it a wonder that the women and children become pale and weak? that their throats, where the evil influences are first and most keenly felt, show symptoms of disease, and that with diminished vital energies they fall an easy prey to diphtheria?

The reason why it prevails so extensively is that the same causes produce at all points the same effects. Belief can come only with fresh air and pure blood. With good ventilation (which includes the introduction of pure air, as well as the removal of the foul) the noxious gases of the sitting and sleeping rooms, which ought to be kept at a minimum, may be so diluted and carried off that they do the system no harm.

If, now, I am correct in my theory of the main cause of diphtheria during the severe cold, the way of prevention would seem to be easy. In the first place keep your houses and cellars clean and wholesome. If poisonous gases are produced at any point, provide means for conducting them immediately out of the house; and, secondly, admit fresh air. If this would make your rooms too cold, remember that a great many people may occupy a small room safely if it is well ventilated, while a few in a large but tight room would in a short time suffer for air. To make rooms large and high for ventilation merely is a mistake; they need just as much fresh air to keep them pure as do smaller rooms, the occupants being the same. Moreover, cold is not as bad as poison, and woollens may in the end be cheaper than fuel.—*Prof. C. M. Woodward, in St. Louis Republic.*

A LITTLE girl only ten years old in Chicago made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide because her cruel parents refused to allow her to attend a party when she was ill with a cold.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a machine, which makes real